
BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

VOL. VI.



BELL's
BRITISH THEATRE.

CONSISTING OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. VI.

CONTAINING

DISTRESS'D MOTHER, . . — PHILIPS.

EARL OF ESSEX, — JONES.

MEDEA, — GLOVER.

GAMESTERS, — SHIRLEY AND JOHNSON.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, — CUMBERLAND.

LONDON:

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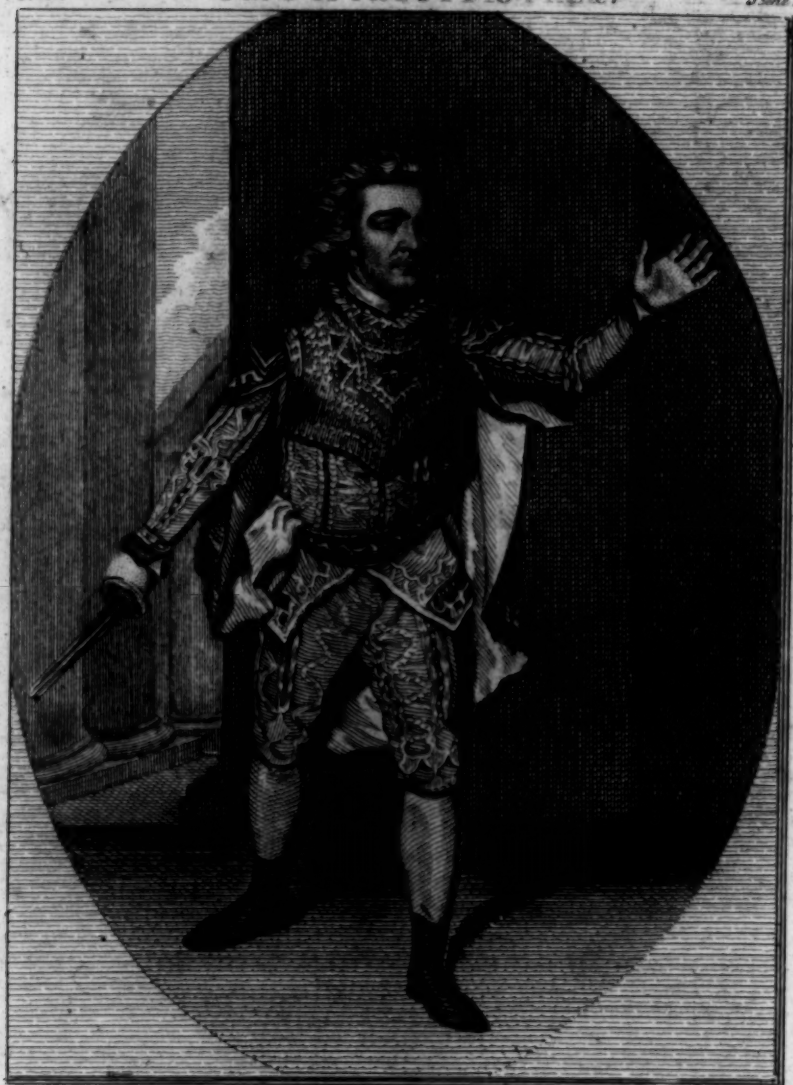


7 JU 52

Act I.

THE DISTRESS MOTHER.

Scene I.



C. Wildé ad viv. pinat

Theat. scul. R.

MR. FARREN as ORESTES.

Madam, tis done; your orders are obey'd:
The Tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

London. Printed for J. Ball, British Library Strand Aug^r 19. 1791.



Navillan pinx.

Admick 3

London. Printed for J. Ball, British Library, Strand, July 16. 1791.

7 JUL 52

THE
DISTREST MOTHER.

A
TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED BY
AMBROSE PHILIPS,
FROM THE *ANDROMAQUE* OF RACINE.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of JOHN BELL,
British Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

M DCC XCI.



TO
HER GRACE THE
DUTCHESS OF MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

THIS tragedy, which I do myself the honour to dedicate to your Grace, is formed upon an original, which passes for the most finished piece, in this kind of writing, that has ever been produced in the French language. The principal action and main distress of the play is of such a nature, as seems more immediately to claim the patronage of a lady: And, when I consider the great and shining characters of antiquity, that are celebrated in it, I am naturally directed to inscribe it to a person, whose illustrious father has, by a long series of glorious actions (for the service of his country, and in defence of the liberties of Europe), not only surpassed the generals of his own time, but equalled the greatest heroes of former ages. The name of Hector could not be more terrible among the Greeks, than that of the duke of Marlborough has been to the French.

The refined taste you are known to have in all entertainments for the diversion of the public, and the peculiar life and ornament your presence gives to all assemblies, was no small motive to determine me in the choice of my patroness. The charms that shine out in the person of your Grace, may convince every one, that there is nothing unnatural in the power which is ascribed to the beauty of *Andromache*.

The strict regard I have had to decency and good manners throughout this work, is the greatest merit I pretend to

*plead in favour of my presumption; and is, I am sensible,
the only argument that can recommend it most effectually to
your protection.*

*I am,
with the greatest respect,
MADAM,
your Grace's most humble
and most obedient servant,*

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

THE
DISTREST MOTHER.

Is a translation by AMBROSE PHILIPS from the ANDROMAQUE of the great French dramatic poet RACINE. It was acted originally at Drury-Lane Theatre, and first printed in 1712.

To those who confine their admiration to the strong fabrics of our dramatists of the golden age of English poesy, the beginning of the seventeenth century, the prolixity of harangue, and the tedious progression of the action, characteristic of the French drama, are not likely to pass without their usual reprobation. Yet many fine touches of nature considerably enliven the slumber of the stage, and much flow and facility of expression gives to the conveyance of elegant sentiments the dress they best delight to adopt.

The taste of ADDISON seems considerably to have fluctuated.—He naturally, it may be presumed from the selections in the Spectator, loved the gorgeous grandeur of SHAKSPERE, and the sublime and profound delineations of Milton,—but he deferred too much to the predominant authorities of the French critics. BOILEAU hurried him into a stigma of the Tuscan muse, which even the fairer critics of our own day are scarcely able to supplant—and people talk of the *tinsel* of TORQUATO TASSO, because ADDISON had seconded the ungrounded censure of BOILEAU. It too frequently happens, that, without the trouble of thought, the deliberation of decision, the herd of smatterers in letters follow the critic BELLWEATHER, even when he tinkles them from their proper bounds.

ADDISON found this play perfectly consonant with the axioms of his French dogmatizers, and the Spectators were filled with its praises. PHILIPS it was also his pleasure to lift into a rivalry with POPE; and the composition of the MARIAMNE of FENTON, the original author, never wrested such vehemence of praise as the *translation* of PHILIPS from the *original* of RACINE.

I recollect to have seen this piece performed with the powerful support of Mrs. CRAWFORD and Mrs. YATES, and, even then, small was the effect produced upon the heart—The scenes are too cold and declamatory—and the personages are considerable sufferers, by being above our pity and superior to our sympathy.

PREFACE.

IN all the works of genius and invention, whether in verse or prose, there are in general but three manners of style; the one sublime and full of majesty; the other simple, natural, and easy; and the third, swelling, forced, and unnatural. An injudicious affectation and sublimity is what has betrayed a great many authors into the latter; not considering that real greatness in writing, as well as in manners, consists in an unaffected simplicity. The true sublime does not lie in strained metaphors and the pomp of words, but rises out of noble sentiments and strong images of nature; which will always appear the more conspicuous, when the language does not swell to hide and overshadow them.

These are the considerations that have induced me to write this tragedy in a style very different from what has been usually practised amongst us in poems of this nature. I have had the advantage to copy after a very great master, whose writings are deservedly admired in all parts of Europe, and whose excellencies are too well known to the men of letters in this nation, to stand in need of any farther discovery of them here. If I have been able to keep up to the beauties of Monsieur Racine in my attempts, and to do him no prejudice in the liberties I have taken frequently to vary from so great a poet, I shall have no reason to be dissatisfied with the labour it has cost me to bring the completest of his works upon the English stage.

I shall trouble my reader no farther, than to give him some short hints relating to this play, from the preface of the French author. The following lines of Virgil mark out the scene, the action, and the four principal actors in this tragedy, together with their distinct characters; excepting that of Hermione, whose rage and jealousy is sufficiently painted in the *Andromache* of Euripides.

*Littoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
Cbaonio, et celsam Buthroti ascendimus urbem—
Solemnes tum forte dapes, et tristia dona
Libabat cineri Andromache, manesque vocabat
Hecforeum ad tumulum, viridi quem cespite inanem,
Et geminas, causam lacrymis, sacraverat aras—
Dejecit vultum, et demissa voce locuta est :
O felix una ante alias Priameia virgo,*

*Hostilem ad tumulum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis
 Jussa mori! quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.
 Nos patriâ incensâ, diversa per æquora vectæ,
 Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, juvenemque superbum,
 Servitio enixæ tulimus, qui deinde secutus
 Ledaam Hermione, Lacedæmoniosque hymenæos—
 Ast illum ereptæ magno inflammatus amore
 Conjugis, et scelerum Furiis agitatus Orestes
 Excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.*

VIRG. ÆN. Lib. iii.

The great concern of Andromache, in the Greek poet, is for the life of Molossus, a son she had by Pyrrhus. But it is more conformable to the general notion we form of that princess, at this great distance of time, to represent her as the disconsolate widow of Hector, and to suppose her the mother only of Astyanax. Considered in this light, no doubt, she moves our compassion much more effectually, than she could be imagined to do in any distress for a son by a second husband.

In order to bring about this beautiful incident, so necessary to heighten in Andromache the character of a tender mother, an affectionate wife, and a widow full of veneration for the memory of her deceased husband, the life of Astyanax is indeed a little prolonged beyond the term fixed to it by the general consent of the ancient authors. But so long as there is nothing improbable in the supposition, a judicious critic will always be pleased when he finds a matter of fact (especially so far removed in the dark and fabulous ages) falsified, for the embellishment of a whole poem.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. STEELE.

*SINCE fancy by itself is loose and vain,
The wise, by rules, that airy power restrain :
They think those writers mad, who at their ease
Convey this house and audience where they please :
Who Nature's stated distances confound,
And make this spot all soils the sun goes round :
'Tis nothing, when a fancy'd scene's in view,
To skip from Covent-Garden to Peru,*

*But Shakspeare's self transgress'd; and shall each elf,
Each pigmy genius, quote great Shakspeare's self !
What critic dares prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out limits for such boundless wit !
Shakspeare could travel through earth, sea, and air,
And paint out all the powers and wonders there.
In barren deserts he makes Nature smile,
And gives us feasts in his Enchanted Isle.
Our author does his feeble force confess,
Nor dares pretend such merit to transgress ;
Does not such shining gifts of genius share,
And therefore makes propriety his care.
Your treat with studied decency he serves ;
Not only rules of time and place preserves,
But strives to keep his character intire,
With French correctness, and with British fire.*

*This piece, presented in a foreign tongue,
When France was glorious, and her monarch young,
An hundred times a crouded audience drew,
An hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.*

*Pyrrhus provok'd, to no wild rants betray'd,
Resents his generous love so ill repay'd;
Does like a man resent, a prince upbraid.
His sentiments disclose a royal mind,
Nor is he known a king from guards behind.*

*Injur'd Hermione demands relief;
But not from heavy narratives of grief:
In conscious majesty her pride is shewn;
Born to avenge her wrongs, but not bemoan.*

*Andromache—If in our author's lines,
As in the great original she shines,
Nothing but from barbarity she fears;
Attend with silence, you'll applaud with tears.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY - LANE.

Men.

PYRRHUS, son of Achilles,	-	- Mr. Palmer.
PHENIX, counsellor to Pyrrhus,	-	- Mr. Packer.
ORESTES, son of Agamemnon,	-	- Mr. Kemble.
PYLADES, friend to Orestes,	-	- Mr. Barrymore,

Women.

ANDROMACHE, Hector's widow,	-	- Miss Kemble.
CEPHISA, confidante to Andromache,	-	- Miss Tidswell.
HERMIONE, daughter to Menelaus,	-	- Mrs. Siddons.
CLEONE, confidante to Hermione,	-	- Miss Collins.

Attendants on Pyrrhus and Orestes, &c.

COVENT - GARDEN.

Men.

PYRRHUS, son of Achilles,	-	- Mr. Pope.
PHENIX, counsellor to Pyrrhus,	-	- Mr. Macready.
ORESTES, son of Agamemnon,	-	- Mr. Holman.
PYLADES, friend to Orestes,	-	- Mr. Davies.

Women.

ANDROMACHE, Hector's widow,	-	- Mrs. Pope.
CEPHISA, confidante to Andromache,	-	- Mrs. Morton.
HERMIONE, daughter to Menelaus,	-	- Miss Brunton.
CLEONE, confidante to Hermione,	-	- Miss Stuart.

Attendants on Pyrrhus and Orestes, &c.

*The SCENE, a great hall in the court of Pyrrhus, at Buthrotos,
the capital city of Epirus.*



THE
DISTREST MOTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace of PYRRHUS. Enter ORESTES, PYLADES, and Attendants.

Orestes.

O PYLADES! what's life without a friend!
At sight of thee my gloomy soul cheers up;
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my Pylades,
My joy, my comfort, on this fatal shore?
Even in the court of PYRRHUS! in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
Oh, my brave friend! may no blind stroke of fate
Divide us more, and tear me from myself.

Pyl. O prince! O my Orestes! O my friend!—
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart. [Embracing.
Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Blest be the powers who barr'd my way to Greece,
And kept me here! e'er since the unhappy day
When warring winds (Epirus full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud, stormy main.

Orest. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror !

Pyl. A thousand boding cares have rack'd my soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears I mourn'd
The fatal ills, in which your life's involv'd ;
And grudg'd you dangers which I could not share.
I fear'd to what extremities the black despair
That prey'd upon your mind, might have betray'd you,
And lest the gods, in pity to your woes,
Should hear your pray'rs, and take the life you loath'd.
But now with joy I see you ! — The retinue,
And numerous followers that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
To relish life.

20

Orest. Alas ! my friend, who knows
The destiny to which I stand reserv'd !
I come in search of an inhuman fair ;
And live or die, as she decrees my fate.

Pyl. You much surprise me, prince ! — I thought you
cur'd

Of your unpitied, unsuccessful passion.
Why, in Epirus, should you hope to find
Hermione less cruel, than in Sparta ?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner
In which she treated all your constant suff'rings,
Had broke your fetters, and assur'd your freedom :
Asham'd of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her ; you talk'd of her no more !
Prince, you deceiv'd me.

40

Orest. I deceiv'd myself.
Do not upbraid the unhappy man that loves thee.
Thou know'st I never hid my passion from thee ;
Thou saw'st it in its birth and in its progress ;
And when at last the hoary king, her father,

Great Menelaus, gave away his daughter,
His lovely daughter, to the happy Pyrrhus,
Th' avenger of his wrongs, thou saw'st my grief,
My torture, my despair ; " and how I dragg'd
" From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes."
O Pylades ! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, prest with sorrows not thy own,
Still wand'ring with me like a banish'd man !
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from myself.

60

Pyl. Why thus unkind ?

Why will you envy me the pleasing task
Of generous love, and sympathizing friendship ?

Orest. Thou miracle of truth—but hear me on.
When in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought how the divine Hermione,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up herself, in all her charms, to Pyrrhus ;
Thou may'st remember, I abhorr'd her name,
Strove to forget her and repay her scorn.
I made my friends, and even myself believe
My soul was freed. Alas ! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In Greece I landed : and in Greece I found
The assembled princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
I join'd them : for I hop'd that war and glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts !
And that my shatter'd soul, impair'd with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And ev'ry idle passion quit my breast.

80

Pyl. The thought was worthy Agamemnon's son.

Orest. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun !
The jealous chiefs, and all the states of Greece,
With one united voice complain of Pyrrhus ;
That now forgetful of the promise giv'n,
And mindless of his godlike father's fate,
Astyanax, he nurses in his court ;
Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruin'd Troy ; Astyanax, descended
From a long race of kings ; great Hector's son.

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of Greece !
But, prince, you'll cease to wonder why the child
Lives thus protected in the court of Pyrrhus,
When you shall hear, the bright Andromache,
His lovely captive, charms him from his purpose :
The mother's beauty guards the helpless son.

Orest. Your tale confirms what I have heard ; and hence
Spring all my hopes. Since my proud rival woos 101
Another partner to his throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her father,
The injur'd Menelaus, thinks already
His daughter slighted, and th' intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure ; and was glad to find
Th' ungrateful maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs aveng'd in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments warm !

Orest. Resentments ! Oh, my friend, too soon I found
They grow not out of hatred ! I'm betray'd :
I practise on myself ; and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of Greece :

And here I come their sworn ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this boy.

Pyl. Pyrrhus will treat your embassy with scorn.
Full of Achilles, his redoubted sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up of passions: Will he then be sway'd,
And give to death the son of her he loves?

120

Orest. Oh, would he render up Hermione,
And keep Astyanax, I should be blest!
He must; he shall. Hermione is my life,
My soul, my rapture!—I'll no longer curb
The strong desire that hurries me to madness:
I'll give a loose to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll—O, ye gods!
Give me Hermione, or let me die!——
But tell me, Pylades; how stand my hopes?
Is Pyrrhus still enamour'd with her charms?
Or dost thou think he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravish'd from me?

Pol. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far;
The king, indeed, cold to the Spartan Princess,
Turns all his passion to Andromache,
Hector's afflicted widow. But in vain,
With interwoven love and rage, he sues
The charming captive, obstinately cruel,
Oft he alarms her for her child confin'd
Apart; and when her tears begin to flow,
As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.
Hermione a thousand times has seen
His ill-requited vows return to her;
And takes his indignation all for love.
What can be gather'd from a man so various?
He may, in the disorder of his soul,
Wed her he hates; and punish her he loves.

140

Orest. But tell me how the wrong'd Hermione
Brooks her slow nuptial, and dishonour'd charms?

Pyl. Hermione would fain be thought to scorn
Her wavering lover, and disdain his falshood;
But, spite of all her pride and conscious beauty,
She mourns in secret her neglected charms;
And oft has made me privy to her tears:
Still threatens to be gone; yet still she stays;
And sometimes sighs, and wishes for Orestes.

Orest. Ah, were those wishes from her heart, my friend,
I'd fly in transport— *[Flourish within.]*

Pyl. Hear!—the king approaches 161
To give you audience. Speak your embassy
Without reserve: urge the demands of Greece;
And, in the name of all her kings, require,
That Hector's son be giv'n into your hands,
Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
To speed his love and win the Trojan dame,
Will make it merit to preserve her son.
But, see; he comes.

Orest. Mean while, my Pylades,
Go, and dispose Hermione to see
Her lover, who is come thus far, to throw
Himself, and all his sorrows, at her feet.

Enter PYRRHUS, PHOENIX, and Attendants.

Before I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him. Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;

And by an ill-tim'd pity keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans,
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze.
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecian's just demands:
Sate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death!—What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all the scepter'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache and this her son were mine;
Were mine by lot; and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize;
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.

Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes—

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise :
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of Troy ;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass ; 221
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies !

Pyr. I call them all to mind ; and see them all
Confus'd in dust ; all mixt in one wide ruin ;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy ?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd ?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain ?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just.
“ When age and infancy, alike in vain,
“ Pledg'd their weakness ; when the heat of conquest,
“ And horrors of the sight, rous'd all our rage,
“ And blinded hurry'd us thro' scenes of death.”
My fury then was without bounds : but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still ?
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood ;
An infant's blood ?—No, prince—go, bid the Greeks 240
Mark out some other victim ; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Orest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy ; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son :
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence ;

Nor is't the boy, but Hector, they pursue ;
The father draws their vengeance on the son :
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword ; the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.

250

Pyr. No ! let them come ; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him who conquer'd for them ; let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.

'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire ;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orest. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus ?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece ?

Orest. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself :
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms ; and I
May love her still, tho' not her father's slave.

I may in time give proofs that I'm a lover ;
But never must forget that I'm a king.

Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter ;
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.

270

That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return. [*Exit Orest. &c.*]

Phæn. Sir, do you send your rival to the princess ?

Pyr. I am told, that he has lov'd her long.

Phæn. If so,

Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze anew ?
And she be brought to listen to his passion.

Pyr. Ay, let them, Phœnix, let them love their fill !
Let them go hence ; let them depart together ;

Together let them sail for Sparta : all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts, should I be then reliev'd.

Phæn. But, sir——

Pyr. I shall another time, good Phœnix,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts—for, see,
Andromache appears.

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Pyr. May I, madam,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?

290

Andr. This way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of Hæctor and of Troy,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet, to-day, embrac'd my child ;
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.

Pyr. Ah, madam, should the threats of Greece prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed !

Andr. Alas, what threats ! What can alarm the Greeks ?
There are no Trojans left !

Pyr. Their hate to Hæctor
Can never die : the terror of his name
Still shakes their souls ; and makes them dread his son.

Andr. A mighty honour for victorious Greece,
To fear an infant, a poor friendless child !
Who smiles in bondage : nor yet knows himself
The son of Hæctor, and the slave of Pyrrhus.

Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life ;
And send no less than Agamemnon's son,
To fetch him hence.

310

Andr. And, sir, do you comply
 With such demands?—This blow is aim'd at me:
 How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire?
 But, cruel men! they will not have him live
 To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
 I promis'd to myself in him a son,
 In him a friend, a husband, and a father.
 But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow;
 And still the fatal stroke must come from you.

Pyr. Dry up those tears, I must not see you weep, 320
 And know, I have rejected their demands.
 The Greeks already threaten me with war:
 But should they arm, as once they did for Helen,
 And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;
 Should they prepare a second ten years siege,
 And lay my towers and palaces in dust:
 I am determin'd to defend your son;
 And rather die myself than give him up.
 But, madam, in the midst of all these dangers,
 Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
 Hated of Greece, and prest on every side,
 Let me not, madam, while I fight your cause,
 Let me not combat with your cruelties,
 And count Andromache amongst my foes.

Andr. Consider, sir, how this will sound in Gree
 How can so great a soul betray such weakness?
 Let not men say, so generous a design
 Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.

Andr. How can Andromache, a captive queen, 340
 O'erwhelm'd with grief, a burthen to herself,
 Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
 Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd

To weep for ever?—Talk of it no more.
 To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;
 To succour the distrest; to give the son
 To an afflicted mother; to repel
 Confederate nations, leagu'd against his life;
 Unbrib'd by love, untterrify'd by threats,
 To pity, to protect him: these are cares,
 These are exploits worthy Achilles' son.

350

Pyr. Will your resentments then endure for ever!
 Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven? 'Tis true,
 My sword has often reek'd in Phrygian blood,
 And carried havoc through your royal kindred;
 But you, fair princess, amply have aveng'd
 Old Priam's vanquish'd house; and all the woes
 I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
 We both have suffer'd in our turns; and now
 Our common foe should teach us to unite.

Andr. Where does the captive not behold a foe?

Pyr. Forget the term of hatred; and behold
 A friend in Pyrrhus! Give me but to hope,
 I'll free your son; I'll be a father to him:
 Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
 I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
 Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspir'd by you,
 What would I not achieve? Again shall Troy
 Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
 Her seat of empire; and your son shall reign.

370

Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my condition:
 His hopes of empire perish'd with his father.
 No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
 Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
 Never, Oh, never must we hope to see
 Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not guard!

Sir, all I wish for is some quiet exile,
Where, far from Greece remov'd, and far from you,
I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betrothed Hermione.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? You know I cannot.
You know my heart is yours: my soul hangs on you:
You take up every wish: my waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams, are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
My throne and bed; and would with transport hear
The vows which you neglect.

Andr. She has no Troy,
No Hector to lament: she has not lost
A husband by your conquests. Such a husband!
(Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
Your sire immortal: Pyrrhus and Achilles
Are both grown great by my calamities.

390

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! 'Tis very well! I find
Your will must be obey'd. Imperious captive,
It shall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you:
For know, inhuman beauty, I have lov'd
Too well to treat you with indifference.
Think well upon it: my disorder'd soul
Wavers between th' extremes of love and rage;
I've been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
The Greeks demand him: nor will I endanger
My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Andr. Then he must die! Alas, my son must die!
He has no friend, no succour left, beside
His mother's tears and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, madam; visit this unhappy son. 410
 The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart;
 And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
 I shall once more expect your answer. Go,
 And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
 Think that his life depends on your resolves.

[*Exit Pyrrhus, &c.*]

Andr. I'll go; and in the anguish of my heart
 Weep o'er my child—If he must die, my life
 Is wrapt in his; I shall not long survive.
 'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,
 Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.
 Yes, my Astyanax, we'll go together!
 Together to the realms of night we'll go!
 There to thy ravish'd eyes thy sire I'll shew,
 And point him out among the shades below.

ACT II. SCENE I.

HERMIONE and CLEONE,

Hermione.

WELL, I'll be rul'd, Cleone; I will see him;
 I have told Pylades that he may bring him;
 But, trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
 I should forbid him yet.

Cleo. And why forbid him?

Is he not, madam, still the same Orestes?
 Orestes, whose return you oft have wish'd?
 The man whose sufferings you so oft lamented,
 And often prais'd his constancy and love?

Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to myself! I blush to think
How I have us'd him; and would shun his presence.
What will be my confusion when he sees me
Neglected and forsaken, like himself?
Will he not say, Is this the scornful maid,
The proud Hermione, that tyranniz'd
In Sparta's court, and triumph'd in her charms?
Her insolence at last is well repaid.
I cannot bear the thought!

Cleo. You wrong yourself
With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
Your beauty and your worth. Your lover comes not
To offer insults; but to repeat his vows,
And breathe his ardent passion at your feet.
But, madam, what's your royal father's will?
What orders do your letters bring from Sparta?

20

Her. His orders are, if Pyrrhus still deny
The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
This Trojan boy, I should with speed embark,
And with their embassy return to Greece.

Cleo. What would you more? Orestes comes in time
To save your honour: Pyrrhus cools apace:
Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.
I know you hate him; you have told me so.

Her. Hate him! My injur'd honour bids me hate him.
Th' ungrateful man, to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart; the man I lov'd so dearly;
The man I doated on! Oh, my Cleone!
How is it possible I should not hate him?

Cleo. Then give him over, madam. Quit his court;
And with Orestes——

41

Her. No! I must have time

To work up all my rage ! To meditate
A parting full of horror ! My revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitor.

Cleo. Do you then wait new insults, new affronts ?
To draw you from your father ! Then to leave you !
In his own court to leave you—for a captive !
If Pyrrhus can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress ? I fear 50
To search out my own thoughts, and sound my heart.
Be blind to what thou seest : believe me cur'd :
Flatter my weakness ; tell me I have conquer'd ;
Think that my injur'd soul is set against him ;
And do thy best to make me think so too.

Cleo. Why would you loiter here, then ?

Her. Let us fly !

Let us begone ! I leave him to his captive :
Let him go kneel, and supplicate his slave.
Let us begone !—But what if he repent ?
What if the perjur'd prince again submit,
And sue for pardon ? What if he renew
His former vows ?—But, oh, the faithless man !
He slights me ! drives me to extremities !—However,
I'll stay, Cleone, to perplex their loves ;
I'll stay, till by an open breach of contract,
I make him hateful to the Greeks. Already
Their vengeance have I drawn upon the son,
Their second embassy shall claim the mother :
I will redouble all my griefs upon her ! 70

Cleo. Ah, madam, whither does your rage transport you ?
Andromache, alas ! is innocent.

A woman plung'd in sorrow ; dead to love :
And when she thinks on Pyrrhus, 'tis with horror.

Her. Would I had done so too !—He had not then

Betray'd my easy faith. But I, alas !
Discover'd all the fondness of my soul !
I made no secret of my passion to him,
Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere :
My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.

80

Cleo. Well might you speak without reserve to one
Engaged to you by solemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour too was an excuse to mine :
With other eyes he saw me then !—Cleone,
Thou may'st remember, every thing conspir'd
To favour him : my father's wrongs aveng'd ;
The Greeks triumphant ; fleets of Trojan spoils ;
His mighty sire's, his own immortal fame ;
His eager love ;—all, all conspir'd against me !
—But I have done : I'll think no more of Pyrrhus.
Orestes wants not merit ; and he loves me.
My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him :
And if I've power over my own heart, 'tis his.

Cleo. Madam, he comes—

Her. Alas, I did not think
He was so near ;—I wish I might not see him.

Enter ORESTES.

How am I to interpret, sir, this visit !
Is it a compliment of form, or love ?

Orest. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my fate
To love unpity'd : to desire to see you ;
And still to swear each time shall be the last.
My passion breaks thro' my repeated oaths :
And every time I visit you I'm perjur'd.
Even now I find my wounds all bleed afresh :
I blush to own it ; but I know no cure.
I call the gods to witness, I have try'd

100

Whatever man could do, but try'd in vain,
To wear you from my mind. Thro' stormy seas,
And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
I courted dangers, and I long'd for death.

Her. Why will you, prince, indulge this mournful tale?
It ill becomes the ambassador of Greece
To talk of dying and of love. Remember
The kings you represent: Shall their revenge
Be disappointed by your ill-tim'd passion?
Discharge your embassy: 'tis not Orestes
The Greeks desire should die.

Orest. My embassy
Is at an end, for Pyrrhus has refus'd
To give up Hector's son. Some hidden power
Protects the boy.

120

Her. Faithless, ungrateful man!

[*Aside.*

Orest. I now prepare for Greece. But ere I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounc'd by you—
What do I say—I do already hear it!
My doom is fixt: I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then still despair? be still suspicious?
What have I done? Wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true, you find me in the court of Pyrrhus:
But 'twas my royal father sent me hither.
And who can tell but I have shar'd your griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in secret? Never wish'd
To see Orestes?

Orest. Wish'd to see Orestes!—
Oh joy! oh ecstasy! My soul's intranc'd!
Oh, charming princess! Oh, transcendant maid!
My utmost wish!—Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks!—I never was unhappy—
Am I Orestes?—

Her. You are Orestes,
The same unalter'd, generous, faithful lover :
The prince whom I esteem ; whom I lament ;
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love !

140

Orest. Ay, there it is !—I have but your esteem,
While Pyrrhus has your heart !

Her. Believe me, prince,
Were you as Pyrrhus, I should hate you !

Orest. No !——
I should be blest ! I should be lov'd as he is !—
Yet all this while I die by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.

Her. And who has told you, prince, that I'm neglected ?
Has Pyrrhus said——(Oh, I shall go distracted !)
Has Pyrrhus told you so ?——Or is it you,
Who think thus meanly of me ?——Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you !——

Orest. Madam, go on !
Insult me still : I'm us'd to bear your scorn.

Her. Why am I told how Pyrrhus loves or hates ?
—Go, prince, and arm the Greeks against the rebel ; 160
Let them lay waste his country ! raze his towns ;
Destroy his fleets ; his palaces ;—himself !—
Go, prince, and tell me then how much I love him.

Orest. To hasten his destruction, come yourself ;
And work your royal father to his ruin.

Her. Mean while he weds Andromache !

Orest. Ah, princess !
What is't I hear ?

Her. What infamy for Greece,
If he should wed a Phrygian, and a captive !

Orest. Is this your hatred, madam ?—'Tis in vain
To hide your passion ; every thing betrays it :

Your looks, your speech, your anger : nay, your silence ;
Your love appears in all ; your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.

Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet ;
My very hate is constru'd into fondness.

Orest. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.

Her. 'Then hear me, prince. Obedience to a father 180
First brought me hither ; and the same obedience
Detains me here, till Pyrrhus drive me hence,
Or my offended father shall recall me.
Tell this proud king, that Menelaus scorns
To match his daughter with a foe of Greece ;
Bid him resign Astyanax, or me.
If he persists to guard the hostile boy,
Hermione embarks with you for Sparta.

[*Ex. Her. and Cleone.*

Orest. Then is Orestes blest ! My griefs are fled !
Fled like a dream !—Methinks I tread in air !
“ Pyrrhus, enamour'd of his captive queen,
“ Will thank me, if I take her rival hence :
“ He looks not on the princess with my eyes !
“ Surprising happiness !—Unlook'd-for joy !”
Never let love despair !—the prize is mine !
Be smooth, ye seas ! and ye, propitious winds,
Breathe from Epirus to the Spartan coasts !
I long to view the sails unfurl'd !—But, see !
Pyrrhus approaches in an happy hour.

Enter PYRRHUS and PHOENIX.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, prince. My warm
Ungovern'd temper would not let me weigh
The importance of your embassy, and hear

You argue for my good.—I was to blame.
I since have pois'd your reasons ; and I thank
My good allies : their care deserves my thanks.
You have convinc'd me, that the weal of Greece,
My father's honour, and my own repose,
Demand that Hector's race should be destroy'd.
I shall deliver up Astyanax ;
And you, yourself shall bear the victim hence.

Orest. If you approve it, sir, and are content
To spill the blood of a defenceless child ;
The offended Greeks, no doubt, will be pleas'd.

Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of our alliance,
I have determin'd to espouse Hermione.
You come in time to grace our nuptial rites :
In you the kings of Greece will all be present ;
And you have right to personate her father,
As his ambassador, and brother's son.

Go, prince, renew your visit ; tell Hermione, 220
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Orest. [*Aside.*] Oh, change of fortune ! Oh, undone
Orestes ! [Exit Orestes.]

Pyr. Well, Phœnix, am I still a slave to love ?
What think'st thou know ? Am I myself again ?

Phæn. 'Tis as it should be : this discovers Pyrrhus ;
Shews all the hero. Now you are yourself !
The son, the rival of the great Achilles !
Greece will applaud you ; and the world confess,
Pyrrhus has conquer'd Troy a second time !

Pyr. Nay, Phœnix, now I but begin to triumph :
I never was a conqueror 'till now !
Believe me, a whole host, a war of foes,
May sooner be subdu'd, than love. Oh, Phœnix,
What ruin have I shunn'd ! The Greeks enrag'd,

Hung o'er me, like a gathering storm, and soon
Had burst in thunder on my head ; while I
Abandon'd duty, empire, honour, all,
To please a thankless woman !—One kind look
Had quite undone me !

Phæn. Oh, my royal master !

240

The gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr. Thou saw'st with how much scorn she treated me !
When I permitted her to see her son,
I hop'd it might have work'd her to my wishes.
I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bath'd in tears, and lost in passion.
Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
On Hector's name : and when I spoke in comfort,
And promis'd my protection to her son,
She kiss'd the boy ; and call'd again on Hector :
“ Then, strain'd him in her arms ; and cry'd, 'Tis he !
“ 'Tis he himself ! his eyes, his every feature !
“ His very frown, and his stern look already !
“ 'Tis he : 'Tis my lov'd lord whom I embrace ! ”
Does she then think, that I preserve the boy
To soothe, and keep alive her flame for Hector ?

Phæn. No doubt, she does ; and thinks you favour'd in it ;
But let her go, for an ungrateful woman !

Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud, stubborn heart ;
Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty, 260
She mocks my rage ; and when it threatens loudest,
Expects 'twill soon be humbled into love.
But we shall change our parts ; and she shall find,
I can be deaf, like her ; and steel my heart.
She's Hector's widow ; I Achilles' son !
Pyrrhus is born to hate Andromache.

Phæn. My royal master, talk of her no more ;

I do not like this anger. Your Hermione
Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see her;
'Tis time you should prepare the nuptial rites;
And not rely upon a rival's care:
It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But tell me, Phœnix,
Dost thou not think the proud Andromache
Will be enrag'd, when I shall wed the Princess?

Phæn. Why does Andromache still haunt your thoughts?
What is't to you, be she enrag'd or pleas'd?
Let her name perish: think of her no more!

Pyr. No, Phœnix!—I have been too gentle with her,
I've check'd my wrath, and stifled my resentment: 280
She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Let us return:—I'll brave her to her face:
I'll give my anger its free course against her.

Thou shalt see, Phœnix, how I'll break her pride!

Phæn. Oh, go not, sir!—There's ruin in her eyes!
You do not know your strength: you'll fall before her,
Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.

Pyr. That were indeed a most unmanly weakness!
Thou dost not know me, Phœnix!

Phæn. Ah, my prince!
You are still struggling in the toils of love.

Pyr. Canst thou then think I love this woman still!
One who repays my passion with disdain!
A stranger, captive, friendless and forlorn;
She and her darling son within my power;
His life a forfeit to the Greeks: Yet I
Preserve her son; would take her to my throne;
Would fight her battles, and avenge her wrongs;
And all this while she treats me as her foe!

Phæn. You have it in your power to be reveng'd. 300

Pyr. Yes:—and I'll shew my power! I'll give her cause
To hate me! her Astyanax shall die.——

What tears will then be shed! How will she then,
In bitterness of heart, reproach my name!
Then, to compleat her woes, will I espouse
Hermione:—'Twill stab her to the heart!

Phæn. Alas, you threaten like a lover still!

Pyr. Phœnix, excuse this struggle of my soul:
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.

Phæn. Then hasten, sir, to see the Spartan Princess;
And turn the bent of your desires on her.

Pyr. Oh! 'tis a heavy task to conquer love,
And wean the soul from her accustom'd fondness.
But, come:—A long farewell to Hector's Widow.
'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have pass'd.
The merchant thus, in dreadful tempests tost,
Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd-for coast,
Oft turns, and sees, with a delighted eye,
Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly!
And while the outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.

320

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

PYLADES and ORESTES.

Pylades.

FOR Heav'n's sake, sir, compose your ruffled mind!
And moderate your rage!

Orest. No, Pylades!

This is no time for counsel—I am deaf.

Talk not of reason ! I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my care. My soul grows desperate.
I'll bear her off, or perish in the attempt.
I'll force her from his arms :— By Heav'n I will !

Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my friend :—We'll force her hence,
But still consider, we are in Epirus.

The court, the guards, Hermione herself,
The very air we breathe, belongs to Pyrrhus.
Good gods ! what tempted you to seek her here ?

Orest. Lost to myself, I knew not what I did !
My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came
To menace Pyrrhus, and upbraid the woman.

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.

Orest. It must be more than man to bear these shocks,
These outrages of fate, with temper !

He tells me that he weds Hermione ;
And will to-morrow take her from my hand !—
My hand shall sooner tear the tyrant's heart.—

20

Pyl. Your passion blinds you, sir ; he's not to blame.
Could you but look into the soul of Pyrrhus,
Perhaps you'd find it tortur'd, like your own.

Orest. No, Pylades ! 'Tis all design—His pride,
To triumph over me, has chang'd his love.

The fair Hermione, before I came,
In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.

Ah, cruel gods ! I thought her all my own !

She was consenting to return to Sparta :

Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,

Was on the wing to take its leave of Pyrrhus.

She heard my sighs ; she pitied my complaints ;

She prais'd my constancy ;—The least indifference

From this proud king, had made Orestes happy.

Pyl. So your fond heart believes !

“ *Orest.* Did I not see

“ Her hate, her rage, her indignation rise

“ Against the ungrateful man ?

40

“ *Pyl.* Believe me, prince,

“ ’Twas then she lov’d him most ! had Pyrrhus left her,

“ She would have form’d some new pretext to stay.”

Take my advice :—Think not to force her hence ;

But fly yourself from her destructive charms.

Her soul is link’d to Pyrrhus : “ Were she yours,

“ She would reproach you still, and still regret

“ Her disappointed nuptials.—”

Orest. Talk no more !

I cannot bear the thought ! She must be mine !

Did Pyrrhus carry thunder in his hand,

I’d stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,

Ere I resign’d Hermione.—By force

I’ll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships ;

Have we forgot her mother Helen’s rape ?

Pyl. Will then Orestes turn a ravisher ?

And blot his embassy ?

Orest. Oh, Pylades !

My grief weighs heavy on me :—’Twill distract me !

“ O leave me to myself !—Let not thy friendship

60

“ Involve thee in my woes. Too long already,

“ Too long hast thou been punish’d for my crimes.

“ It is enough, my friend !—It is enough !

“ Let not thy generous love betray thee farther :”

The gods have set me as their mark, to empty

Their quivers on me.—Leave me to myself.

Mine be the danger ; mine the enterprize.

All I request of thee is, to return,

And in my place convey Astyanax,

As Pyrrhus has consented, into Greece.

Go, Pylades——

Pyl. Lead on, my friend, lead on!

Let us bear off Hermione! No toil,

No danger can deter a friend:—Lead on!

Draw up the Greeks; summon your num'rous train:

The ships are ready and the wind sits fair:

There eastward lies the sea; the rolling waves

Break on those palace-stairs. I know each pass,

Each avenue and outlet of the court.

This very night we'll carry her on board.

80

Orest. Thou art too good!—I trespass on thy friendship,

But, Oh! excuse a wretch, whom no man pities,

Except thyself: one just about to lose

The treasure of his soul: “whom all mankind

“Conspire to hate, and one who hates himself.”

When will my friendship be of use to thee?

Pyl. The question is unkind.—But now remember

To keep your counsels close, and hide your thoughts;

Let not Hermione suspect—No more——

I see her coming, sir——

Orest. Away, my friend;

I am advis'd; my all depends upon it.

[*Exit Pylades.*]

Enter HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Orest. Madam, your orders are obey'd; I have seen

Pyrrhus, my rival; and have gain'd him for you.

The king resolves to wed you.

Her. So I am told:

And further, I'm inform'd that you, Orestes,

Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Orest. And are you, madam, willing to comply?

“*Her.* Could I imagine Pyrrhus lov'd me still?

100

“ After so long delays, who would have thought
“ His hidden flames would shew themselves at last,
“ And kindle in his breast, when mine expir’d ?
“ I can suppose, with you, he fears the Greeks ;
“ That it is interest, and not love, directs him ;
“ And that my eyes had greater power o’er you.
“ *Orest.* No, princess, no ! It is too plain he loves you.
“ Your eyes do what they will, and cannot fail
“ To gain a conquest, where you wish they should.”

Her. What can I do ? alas ! my faith is promis’d.
Can I refuse what is not mine to give ?
A princess is not at her choice to love ;
All we have left us is a blind obedience :
And yet, you see, how far I had comply’d,
And made my duty yield to your intreaties.

Orest. Ah, cruel maid ! you knew—but I have done.
All have a right to please themselves in love :
I blame not you. ’Tis true, I hop’d ;—but you
Are mistress of your heart, and I’m content.
’Tis fortune is my enemy, not you.

120

But, madam, I shall spare you further pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave. [*Exit Orestes.*]

Her. Cleone, could’st thou think he’d be so calm :

Cleo. Madam, his silent grief sits heavy on him.
He’s to be pitied. His too eager love
Has made him busy to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind on Pyrrhus.

Her. Dost thou think Pyrrhus capable of fear !
Whom should the intrepid Pyrrhus fear ? the Greeks ?
Did he not lead their harrass’d troops to conquest
When they despair’d, when they retir’d from Troy,
And sought for shelter in their burning fleets ?
Did he not then supply his father’s place ?

No, my Cleone, he is above constraint ;
He acts unforc'd ; and where he weds he loves.

Cleo. Oh, that Orestes had remain'd in Greece !
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing but Orestes ?
Pyrrhus is mine again !—Is mine for ever !

Oh, my Cleone ! I am wild with joy !

140

Pyrrhus, the bold ! the brave ! the godlike Pyrrhus !
—Oh, I could tell thee numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battles—Oh, Cleone—

Cleo. Madam, conceal your joy—I see Andromache :
She weeps, and comes to speak her sorrows to you.

Her. I would indulge the gladness of my heart !
Let us retire : her grief is out of season.

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Andr. Ah, madam, whither, whither do you fly ?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing
Than Hector's widow suppliant and in tears ?

I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,

To envy you the heart your charms have won :

The only man I sought to please, is gone ;

Kill'd in my sight, by an inhuman hand.

“ Hector first taught me love ; which my fond heart

“ Shall ever cherish, 'till we meet in death.”

But, Oh, I have a son !—And you, one day,

Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness :

But Heav'n forbid that you should ever know

A mother's sorrow for an only son.

160

Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort !

When ev'ry hour she trembles for his life !

Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.

Alas, what danger is there in a child,

Sav'd from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire ?
 Let me go hide him in some desert isle :
 You may rely upon my tender care
 To keep him far from perils of ambition :
 All he can learn of me, will be to weep.

Her. Madam, 'tis easy to conceive your grief :
 But it would ill become me, to solicit
 In contradiction to my father's will :
 'Tis he who urges to destroy your son.
 Madam, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,
 No woman does it better than yourself ;
 If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

[*Exit Hermione and Cleone.*]

Andr. Didst thou not mind with what disdain she spoke ?
 Youth and prosperity have made her vain ;
 She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her counsel ! 180
 I'd speak my own distress : one look from you
 Will vanquish Pyrrhus, and confound the Greeks—
 See, where he comes—Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS and PHOENIX.

Pyr. Where is the princess ?—Did you not inform me
 Hermione was here ? [To Phœnix.

Phœn. I thought so, sir.

Andr. Thou seest what mighty power my eyes have on
 him ! [To Ceph.

Pyr. What says she, Phœnix ?

Andr. I have no hope left !

Phœn. Let us begone :—Hermione expects you.

Ceph. For Heav'n's sake, madam, break this sullen silence.

Andr. My child's already promis'd—

Ceph. But not given.

In my own hands it had been more secure.

Orestes hates not Pyrrhus as I hate him :

“ I should have thrust the dagger home ; have seen

“ The tyrant curse me with his parting breath,

“ And roll about his dying eyes, in vain

“ To find Andromache, whom I would hide.”

Oh, would Orestes, when he gives the blow,

Tell him he dies my victim !—Haste, Cleone ;

160

Charge him to say, Hermione’s resentments,

Not those of Greece, have sentenc’d him to death.

Haste, my Cleone ! My revenge is lost,

If Pyrrhus knows not that he dies by me !

Cleo. I shall obey your orders——But see
The king approach !—Who could expect him here.

Her. O fly ! Cleone, fly ! and bid Orestes

Not proceed a step before I see him.

[*Exit Cleone.*

Enter PYRRHUS.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injur’d princess :

Your distant looks reproach me : and I come

Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.

Pyrrhus will ne’er approve his own injustice ;

Nor form excuses, while his heart condemns him.

“ I might perhaps alledge, our warlike sires,

“ Unknown to us, engag’d us to each other,

“ And join’d our hearts by contract, not by love :

“ But I detest such cobweb arts, I own

“ My father’s treaty, and allow its force.

“ I sent ambassadors to call you hither ;

“ Receiv’d you as my queen ; and hop’d my oaths

180

“ So oft renew’d might ripen into love.

“ The gods can witness, madam, how I fought

“ Against Andromache’s too fatal charms !

“ And still I wish I had the power to leave
“ This Trojan beauty, and be just to you.”
Discharge your anger on this perjur’d man !
For I abhor my crime ! and should be pleas’d
To hear you speak your wrongs aloud : no terms,
No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,
Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Her. I find, sir, you can be sincere : you scorn
To act your crimes with fear, like other men.
A hero should be bold ; above all laws ;
Be bravely false ; and laugh at solemn ties.
To be perfidious shews a daring mind !
And you have nobly triumph’d o’er a maid !
To court me ; to reject me ; to return ;
Then to forsake me for a Phrygian slave :
To lay proud Troy in ashes ; then to raise
The son of Hector, and renounce the Greeks,
Are actions worthy the great soul of Pyrrhus.

200

Pyr. Madam, go on : give your resentments birth ;
And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Her. ’Twould please your queen, should I upbraid your
falsehood ;

Call you perfidious, traitor, all the names
That injur’d virgins lavish on your sex ;
I should o’erflow with tears, and die with grief,
And furnish out a tale to soothe her pride.
But, sir, I would not over-charge her joys :
If you would charm Andromache, recount
Your bloody battles, your exploits, your slaughters,
Your great achievements, in her father’s palace.
She needs must love the man, who fought so bravely,
And in her sight slew half her royal kindred.

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past deeds !

I punish'd Helen's wrongs too far ; I shed
Too much of blood : but madam, Helen's daughter
Should not object those ills the mother caus'd.

However I am pleas'd to find you hate me :

I was too forward to accuse myself :

220

The man who ne'er was lov'd, can ne'er be false.

Obedience to a father brought you hither ;

And I stood bound by promise to receive you :

But our desires were different ways inclin'd ;

And you, I own, were not oblig'd to love me.

Her. Have I not lov'd you, then ! perfidious man !

For you I slighted all the Grecian princes ;

Forsook my father's house ; conceal'd my wrongs,

When most provok'd : would not return to Sparta,

In hopes that time might fix your wavering heart,

I lov'd you when inconstant : and even now,

Inhuman king, that you pronounce my death,

My heart still doubts if I should love or hate you :

But, oh, since you resolve to wed another,

Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow !

That I may not be here to grace your triumph !

This is the last request I e'er shall make you—

See if the barbarous prince vouchsafe an answer !

Go, then, to the lov'd Phrygian ! Hence ! begone !

And bear to her those vows that once were mine :

240

Go, in defiance to the avenging gods !

Begone ! the priest expects you at the altar—

But, tyrant, have a care I come not thither. [*Exit Herm.*]

Enter PHOENIX.

Phæn. Sir, did you mind her threats ? Your life's in danger :
There is no trifling with a woman's rage.

The Greeks that swarm about the court all hate you ;

Will treat you as their country's enemy,
And join in her revenge : besides, Orestes
Still loves her to distraction : sir, I beg—

Pyr. How, Phœnix, should I fear a woman's threats?
A nobler passion takes up all my thought :
I must prepare to meet Andromache.
Do thou place all my guards about her son :
If he be safe, Pyrrhus is free from fear. [*Exit Pyrrhus.*]

PHOENIX *alone.*

Oh, Pyrrhus ! oh, what pity 'tis the gods,
Who fill'd thy soul with every kingly virtue,
Form'd thee for empire and consummate greatness,
Should leave thee so expos'd to wild desires,
That hurry thee beyond the bounds of reason !

[*A flourish of trumpets.*]

“ Such was Achilles ; generous, fierce, and brave ; 260
“ Open and undesigning : but impatient.
“ Undisciplin'd, and not to be control'd :
“ I fear this whirl of passion, this career,
“ That overbears reflection and cool thought ;
“ I tremble for the event.”—But see, the queen,
Magnificent in royal pride, appears.
I must obey, and guard her son from danger. [*Exit Phœnix.*]

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look and move a queen !
Your sorrows are dispers'd, your charms revive,
And every faded beauty blooms anew.

Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.

Ceph. You see the king is watchful o'er your son ;
Decks him with princely robes, with guards surrounds him.
Astyanax begins to reign already.

Andr. Pyrrhus is nobly minded ; and I fain
Would live to thank him for Astyanax :
'Tis a vain thought—However, since my child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. “ These dark unfoldings of your soul perplex me.
“ What meant those flood of tears, those warm embraces,
“ As if you bid your son adieu for ever ?” 281
For Heav’n’s sake, madam, let me know your griefs ?
If you mistrust my faith—

Andr. That were to wrong thee.
Oh, my Cephisa ! this gay, borrow’d air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock trappings to conceal my woe :
My heart still mourns : I still am Hector’s widow.

Ceph. Will you then break the promise giv’n to Pyrrhus ;
Blow up his rage afresh, and blast your hopes ?

Andr. I thought, Cephisa, thou hadst known thy mistress.
Could’st thou believe I would be false to Hector ?
Fall off from such a husband ! break his rest,
And call him to this hated light again,
To see Andromache in Pyrrhus’ arms ?
“ Would Hector, were he living and I dead,
“ Forget Andromache, and wed her foe ?”

Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue ;
But, oh, I fear there’s something dreadful in it !
Must then Astyanax be doom’d to die ; 300
And you to linger out a life in bondage ?

“ *Andr.* Nor this, nor that, Cephisa, will I bear ;
“ My word is past to Pyrrhus, his to me ;
“ And I rely upon his promis’d faith.
“ Unequal as he is, I know him well :
“ Pyrrhus is violent, but he’s sincere,
“ And will perform beyond what he has sworn.

" The Greeks will but incense him more ; their rage
 " Will make him cherish Hector's son.

" *Ceph.* Ah, madam,

" Explain these riddles to my boding heart !

" *Andr.* Thou may'st remember, for thou oft hast heard me

" Relate the dreadful vision which I saw,

" When first I landed captive in Epirus.

" That very night, as in a dream I lay,

" A ghastly figure, full of gaping wounds,

" His eyes aglare, his hair all stiff with blood,

" Full in my sight thrice shook his head, and groan'd ;

" I soon discern'd my slaughter'd Hector's shade ;

" But, oh, how chang'd ! Ye gods, how much unlike

" The living Hector !—Loud he bid me fly !

321

" Fly from Achilles' son ! then sternly frown'd,

" And disappear'd. Struck with the dreadful sound,

" I started, and awak'd.

" *Ceph.* But did he bid you

" Destroy Astyanax ?

Andr. " Cephisa, I'll preserve him ;"

With my own life, Cephisa, I'll preserve him.

Ceph. What may these words, so full of horror, mean ?

Andr. Know then the secret purpose of my soul :

Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,

Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.

This hour I'll meet the king ; the holy priest

Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows :

This will secure a father to my child :

That done, I have no further use for life :

This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,

Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.

" *Ceph.* Ah, madam, recollect your scatter'd reason ;

" This fell despair ill suits your present fortunes.

340

“ *Andr.* No other stratagem can serve my purpose :
 “ This is the sole expedient to be just
 “ To Hector, to Astyanax, to Pyrrhus.
 “ I shall soon visit Hector, and the shades
 “ Of my great ancestors :”—Cephisa, thou
 Wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress’ eyes.

Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind you !

Andr. No, my Cephisa ; I must have thee live.

“ Remember, thou didst promise to obey,
 “ And to be secret : wilt thou now betray me ?
 “ After thy long, thy faithful service, wilt thou
 “ Refuse my last commands, my dying wish ?
 “ Once more I do conjure thee live for me.

“ *Ceph.* Life is not worth my care when you are gone.”

Andr. I must commit into thy faithful hands
 All that is dear and precious to my soul :
 Live, and supply my absence to my child ;
 All that remains of Troy ; a future progeny
 Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,
 In him, is all intrusted to thy care.

360

“ *Ceph.* But, madam, what will be the rage of Pyrrhus,
 “ Defrauded of his promis’d happiness ?

“ *Andr.* That will require thy utmost skill : Observe
 “ The first impetuous onsets of his grief ;
 “ Use ev’ry artifice to keep him stedfast.
 “ Sometimes with tears thou may’st discourse of me ;
 “ Speak of our marriage ; let him think I lov’d him ;
 “ Tell him my soul repos’d itself on him,
 “ When I resign’d my son to his protection.”

Ceph. Oh, for a spirit to support my grief !
 Is there ought more before you go for ever ?

Andr. Oh, my Cephisa, my swoln heart is full !
 I have a thousand farewells to my son :
 But tears break in !—Grief interrupts my speech——

My soul o'erflows in fondness — Let him know
 I dy'd to save him :—" And would die again."
 Season his mind with early hints of glory ;
 Make him acquainted with his ancestors ;
 Trace out their shining story in his thoughts ;
 Dwell on th' exploits of his immortal father,
 And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.
 " Let him reflect upon his royal birth
 " With modest pride ; Pyrrhus will prove a friend :
 " But let him know he has a conqueror's right."
 He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
 And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.
 Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvis'd,
 He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue,
 Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.

380

Ceph. Alas ! I fear I never shall outlive you.

Andr. No more :—thy tears, Cephisa, will betray me ;
 Assume a cheerful look : but still remember—

[*Flourish within.*]

Hark how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
 Proclaims the appointed hour, and calls us hence,
 Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee !
 Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
 Pleas'd with the sacred fife's enliv'ning sound,
 Through gazing crouds in solemn state proceeds,
 And drest in fatal pomp magnificently bleeds.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

HERMIONE *alone.*

WHAT have I done ? Where am I ? Where is Pyrrhus ?
 Ye gods ! what mean these horrors ?—I'm undone !

My soul is on the rack !—I cannot bear it :—
 Why do I wander like some guilty ghost ?
 What brought me to this place ? What keeps me here ?
 The court of Pyrrhus has no room for me !
 Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him ?
 Hard-hearted man ! how unconcern'd he left me !
 Did he once sigh ? Bestow one pitying look ?
 Once shed a tear ? or speak one soft, kind word ?
 Did he so much as feign one moment's sorrow,
 To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falsehood ?
 Why am I still thus anxious for his life ?
 Why do I start at his impending fate ?
 Shall he then live ? Shall the base traitor live
 To laugh at my distress ? No, let him perish !
 Be quick, Orestes !—Execute my orders !
 Alas ! my orders ! Oh, preposterous guilt !
 Can I decree the death of him I love ?
 Was it for this my soul delighted in him ?
 Was it for this I left my father's court ?
 Have I then cross'd so many realms and seas
 To murder Pyrrhus ?

20

Enter CLEONE.

Her. Oh, Cleone, help me !
 What have I done ? Is Pyrrhus yet alive ?
 What say'st thou ?—Answer me : Where is the king ?
Cleo. Madam ! I saw the cruel prince set forward,
 Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.
 Still as he walk'd his ravish'd eyes were fixt
 On the fair captive ; while through shouting crowds
 She pass'd along with a dejected air,
 And seem'd to mourn her Hector to the last.
Her. Insulting tyrant ! I shall burst with rage !

But say, Cleone, didst thou mark him well ?
 Was his brow smooth ? Say, did there not appear
 Some shade of grief ; some little cloud of sorrow ?
 Did he not stop ? Did he not once look back ?
 Didst thou approach him ? Was he not confounded ?
 Did he not——Oh, be quick and tell me all !

Cleo. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
 No thought but love. Unguarded he march'd on,
 'Midst a promiscuous throng of friends and foes.
 His cares all turn upon Astyanax,
 Whom he has lodg'd within the citadel,
 Defended by the strength of all his guards.

40

Her. Enough ! he dies !—the traitor !—Where's Orestes ?

Cleo. He's in the temple with his whole retinue.

Her. Is he still resolute ? Is he still determin'd ?

Cleo. Madam, I fear——

Her. How ! Is Orestes false ?

Does he betray me too ?

Cleo. A thousand doubts
 Perplex his soul, and wound him with remorse :
 His virtue and his love prevail by turns.
 He told me Pyrrhus should not fall ignobly :
 Pyrrhus, the warlike son of great Achilles.
 He dreads the censure of the Grecian states ;
 Of all mankind ; and fears to stain his honour.

Her. Poor tim'rous wretch ! 'tis false ! he basely fears
 To cope with dangers, and encounter death ;
 'Tis that he fears :—Am I bright Helen's daughter ?
 To vindicate her wrongs all Greece conspir'd ;
 For her confederate nations fought, and kings were slain ;
 Troy was o'erthrown, and a whole empire fell.
 My eyes want force to raise a lover's arm
 Against a tyrant that has dar'd to wrong me.

60

Cleo. Madam, like Helen, trust your cause to Greece.

Her. No ; I'll avenge myself ; I'll to the temple ;
I'll overturn the altar, stab the priest ;
I'll hurl destruction like a whirlwind round me !
They must not wed ! they must not live ! they shall not !
Let me be gone ! I have no time to lose !
Stand off ! hold me not ! I am all distraction !
Oh, Pyrrhus ! Tyrant ! Traitor ! Thou shalt bleed.

Enter ORESTES.

Orest. Madam, 'tis done ; your orders are obey'd :
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar.

Her. Is Pyrrhus slain ?

Orest. Even now he gasps in death :
Our Greeks all undistinguish'd in the crowd,
Flock'd to the temple, and dispers'd themselves 80
On every side the altar. I was there ;
Pyrrhus observ'd me with a haughty eye,
And, proud to triumph over Greece in me,
From his own brows he took the diadem
And bound it on the temples of his captive :
Receive, said he, my crown ; receive my faith ;
Mine and my people's sovereign reign for ever.
From this blest hour, a father to your son ;
I'll scourge his foes ; henceforward be he styl'd
The Trojan king ; " I swear it at the altar,
" And call the gods to ratify my vows."
His subjects with loud acclamations shook
The spacious dome. Our Greeks, enrag'd, cried out,
Revenge ! revenge ! broke thro' the thronging press,
And rush'd tumultuous on the unguarded king,
" Their eager fury left no work for me."
Pyrrhus awhile oppos'd their clashing swords,

And dealt his fatal blows on ev'ry side
With manly fierceness ; till opprest by numbers,
Streaming with blood, all over gash'd with wounds, 100
He reel'd, he groan'd, and at the altar fell.—
Haste, madam ; let us fly ! Haste to our ships !
They lie unmoor'd : our friends attend us there.

Her. What have they done !

Orest. Madam, forgive their rage.

I own your vengeance had been more complete,
Had Pyrrhus fall'n by me, and had he known
Hermione chastis'd him by my arm.

Her. Peace, monster, peace ! Go tell thy horrid tale
To savages, and howl it in the deserts.
Would'st thou impute to me thy barb'rous guilt ?
Me would'st thou make th' accomplice of thy crimes ?
Hence to thy Greeks, and boast thy foul exploits !
My soul abhors them ! I disclaim the deed !
Begone ! I know thee not ! Thou fell barbarian !
What had he done ? what could provoke thy madness
To assassinate so great, so brave a man ?
Who set thee on ?

Orest. Oh, grant me patience, heav'n !

With your own lips did you not curse the tyrant, 120
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him ?

Her. What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another,
Were you to obey a jealous woman's phrenzy ?
You should have div'd into my inmost thoughts :
My heart, tho' full of rage, was free from malice ;
And all my anger was excess of love.
Why did you take me at my word ? You saw
The struggles of my soul ; you heard me rave ;
You should have question'd me a thousand times,

Yet still have doubted, and still question'd on,
Before you ventur'd on a life so precious.

Orest. Hear me but speak: Heav'n knows, against my
will——

Her. Why did you not return? Why not consult me
A second time? and undetermin'd still,
Again return, and still find new delays?
What had your rash officious Greeks, dire blood-hounds!
To do with my revenge? What drew you hither?
To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?
Are these the fruits of your detested love? 140
Your fatal embassy, your hateful presence,
Drove Pyrrhus to my rival; and destroys
Both him and me. He might have lov'd me still,
Had you ne'er interpos'd——Avaunt! begone!
And leave me in Epirus. I renounce
My friends, my country, Greece, and all mankind:
But chiefly I renounce thee! monster, thee! [Exit.

Orest. Am I awake? where am I? Soft, my soul;
Be not too rash. Was that Hermione?
Why should her anger thunder against me?
Was not this blood shed all by her command?
I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!
A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin!
And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.
Henceforward let the laws of nations cease;
And let the pale, that severs right and wrong,
Things sacred and profane, be broken down;
Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
Are not in safety, while Orestes lives.
Oh, never more shall my torn mind be heal'd, 160
Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!
A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
And lay strong siege to my distracted soul.

Enter PYLADES, attended by Greeks.

Pyl. Haste, prince ; let us be gone : 'tis death to stay.
Andromache reigns queen : she gives the alarm,
And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus.
The people arm and muster in the streets.
Our Greeks will not be able long to guard
The palace gates, and to secure our flight.
We must be speedy, sir.

Orest. You may depart,
My friends——Hermione and I remain——
Her cruelty has quite undone me!——“ Go
“ And leave me to myself——I'll find her out.”

Pyl. Alas, unhappy princess ! she's no more ;
“ Forget her, sir, and save yourself with us.”

Orest. Hermione no more!—Oh, all ye powers !

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
With hands expanded, and dishevell'd hair,
Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple ;
In the mid-way she met the corpse of Pyrrhus ; 181
She startled at the sight ; then, stiff with horror,
Gaz'd frightful : waken'd from the dire amaze,
She rais'd her eyes to heaven with such a look
As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods :
Then plung'd a poignard deep within her breast,
And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.

Orest. I thank you, gods—I never could expect
To be so wretched!—You have been industrious
To finish your decrees ; to make Orestes
A dreadful instance of your power to punish.
I'm singled out to bear the wrath of heav'n.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
Are vain, and may be fatal.

Orest. True, my friend :

And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods.

My fate's accomplish'd—I shall die content.

Oh, bear me hence—blow winds !—

Pyl. Let us be gone.

200

Orest. The murder'd lovers wait me—Hark, they call !

Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine :

One tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas ! I fear

His ravings will return with his misfortunes.

Orest. I am dizzy !—Clouds !—Quite lost in utter darkness.

Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.

I shiver ! Oh, I freeze !—So ;—Light returns ;

'Tis the grey dawn !—See, Pylades !—Behold !—

I am encompass'd with a sea of blood !—

The crimson billows !—Oh ! my brain's on fire !

Pyl. How is it, sir ?—Repose yourself on me.

Orest. Pyrrhus, stand off !—What would'st thou ?—How he glares !

What envious hand has clos'd thy wounds ?—Have at thee.

It is Hermione that strikes—Confusion !

She catches Pyrrhus in her arms.—Oh, save me !

How terrible she looks ! she knits her brow !

She frowns me dead ! She frights me into madness !

Where am I ?—Who are you ?

Pyl. Alas, poor prince !

220

“ Help to support him.—How he pants for breath !”

Orest. This is most kind, my Pylades—Oh, why, Why was I born to give thee endless trouble ?

Pyl. All will go well ; he settles into reason.

Orest. Who talks of reason ? Better to have none Than not enough.—Run, some one, tell my Greeks,

I will not have them touch the king.—Now—now
 I blaze again!—See there!—Look where they come;
 A shoal of furies—How they swarm about me!—
 My terror!—Hide me!—Oh, their snaky locks!
 Hark, how they hiss!—See, see their flaming brands!
 Now they let drive full at me!—How they grin,
 And shake their iron whips! My ears! what yelling!
 And see Hermione! She sets them on—
 Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!
 Oh!—I am stung to death!—Dispatch me soon!
 There—Take my heart, Hermione!—Tear it out!
 Disjoint me! kill me! Oh, my tortur'd soul!—

Pyl. Kind Heav'n restore him to his wonted calm!
 Oft have I seen him rave: but never thus:
 Quite spent!—Assist me, friends, to bear him off.
 Our time is short: should his strong rage return,
 'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence,
 Away, my friends! I hear the portal open.

240

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PHOENIX, attended by Guards.

Phæn. All, all are fled!—Orestes is not here—
 Triumphant villains!—The base, giddy rabble,
 Whose hands should all have been employ'd with fire,
 To waste the fleet, flock'd round the dying princess;
 And, while they stand agaze, the Greeks embark.
 Oh, 'tis too plain!—this sacrilegious murder
 Was authoriz'd.—Th' ambassador's escape
 Declares his guilt.—Most bloody embassy!
 Most unexampled deed! Where, where, ye gods,
 Is majesty secure, if in your temples
 You give it no protection!—See, the queen.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Enter ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Andr. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will come
When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on Pyrrhus!
Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league; 260
The man whose single valour made you triumph.

[A dead March behind.]

Is my child there?—

Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus.
The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.

Andr. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life:
And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!
Cut off in the fresh rip'ning prime of manhood,
Even in the pride of life: thy triumphs new,
And all thy glories in full blossom round thee!
The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas, then, will your sorrows never end!

Andr. Oh, never, never!—While I live, my tears
Will never cease; for I was born to grieve.—
Give present orders for the fun'ral pomp: *[To Phœnix.]*
Let him be rob'd in all his regal state;
Place round him ev'ry shining mark of honour:
And let the pile, that consecrates his ashes,
Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

[A Flourish of Trumpets.]

Ceph. That sound proclaims th' arrival of the prince,
The guards conduct him from the citadel. 280

Andr. With open arms I'll meet him!—Oh, Cephisa!
A springing joy, mixt with a soft concern,
A pleasure which no language can express,
An extacy that mothers only feel,

Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky.

Though plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,

Yet never let the noble mind despair :

When press'd by dangers and beset with foes,

The gods their timely succour interpose ;

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And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,

By unforeseen expedients brings relief.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

7 JUL 52



EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. BUDGELL,

Of the Inner Temple.

Spoken by Andromache.

*I HOPE you'll own, that with becoming art,
I've play'd my game, and topp'd the widow's part.
My spouse, poor man, could not live out the play,
But dy'd commodiously on his wedding-day;
While I, his relict, made at one bold fling,
Myself a princess, and young Sty a king.*

*You, ladies, who protract a lover's pain,
And hear your servants sigh whole years in vain;
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?*

*'Twas a strange scape! Had Pyrrhus liv'd till now,
I had been finely hamper'd in my vow.
To die by one's own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young monarch's arms!
'Twere an hard fate——ere I had undergone it,
I might have took one night——to think upon it.*

*But why, you'll say, was all this grief exprest
For a first husband, laid long since at rest?
Why so much coldness to my kind protector?
—Ah, ladies! had you known the good man Hector!
Homer will tell you, (or I'm misinform'd,)
That, when enrag'd, the Grecian camp he storm'd;*

EPILOGUE.

*To break the ten-fold barriers of the gate,
He threw a stone of such prodigious weight
As no two men could lift, not even of those,
Who in that age of thund'ring mortals rose :
It would have sprain'd a dozen modern beaux.*

*At length, howe'er, I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the widow in the well-dress'd bride,
In you it still remains to grace the play,
And bless with joy my coronation day ;
Take, then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The fatherless and widow to your care.*

7 JU 52